First Degree, Order Chair

Every night I see me sitting there Now I see there's nobody here Suddenly I'm all alone

Every night I'm thinking 'bout you Every night I wonder what you do Suddenly I forget things I knew

Times could not be prepared or do so I'm sitting in this old chair

Sitting there in this old chair Hearing voices but I don't dare My heart tells me I've got to take care

Every night I smell the smoke of old songs Think about the one I have belonged Suddenly I'm beware you've gone